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THE

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR,

(PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY,)

An Illustrated Magazine,

DESIGNED EXPRESSLY FOR THE EDUCATION AND ELEVATION OF THE YOUNG.

George Q. Cannon, Editor.

No. 1.

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PROSPECTUS

FOR

VOLUME TWENTY.

A PROMINENT feature of the new volume will be the interesting

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF MISSIONARIES,

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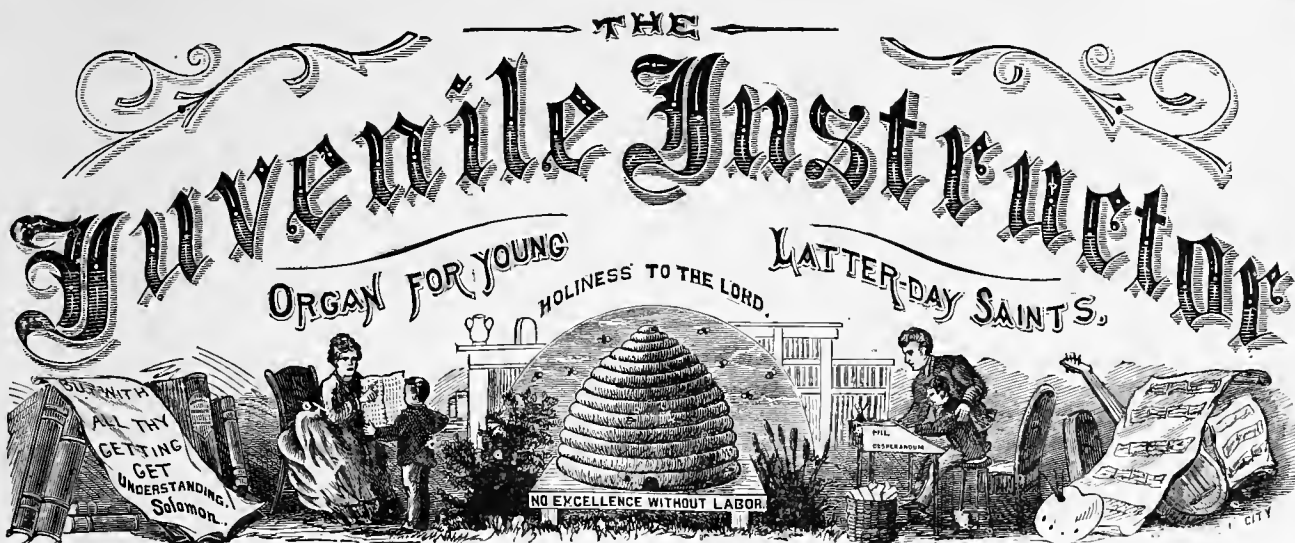
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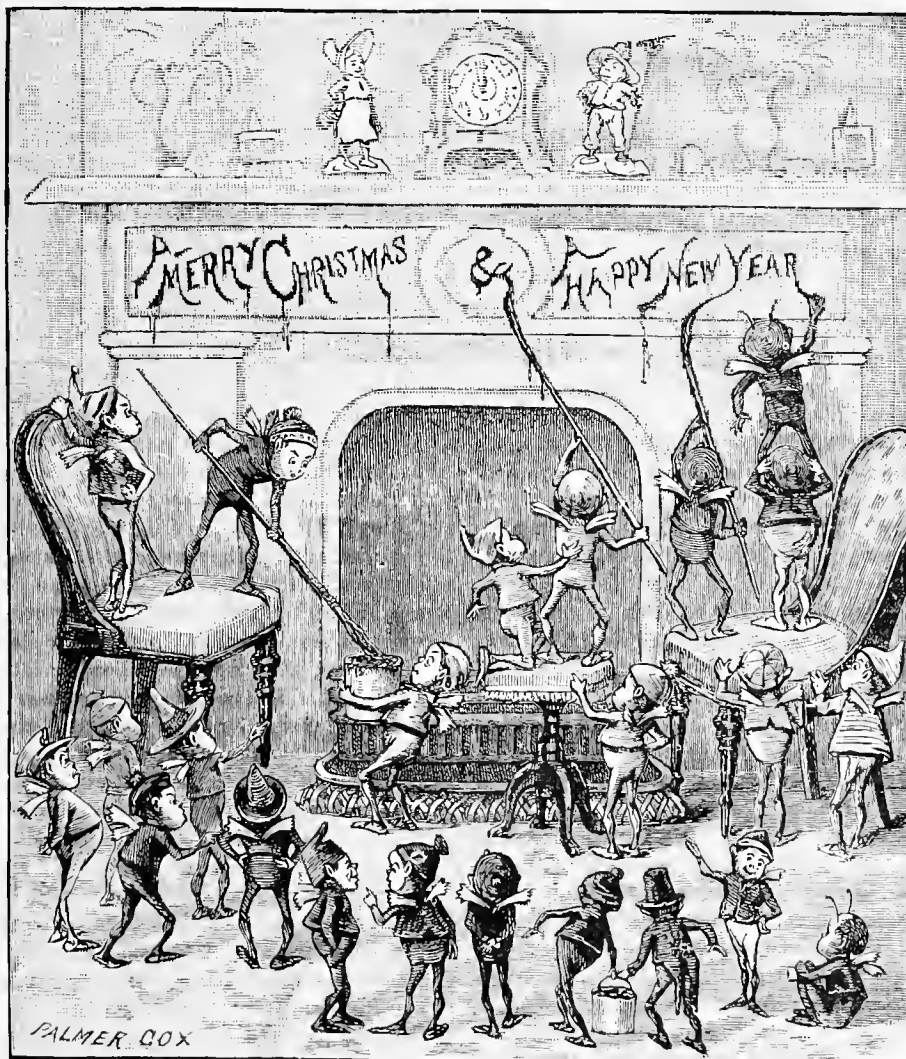
A NEW YEAR'S EVE DREAM.

LITTLE Effie Page sat by the grate in her little rocking-chair one starry New Year's Eve, looking into the glowing coals and thinking of the stories her Uncle Charlie had just been telling her about the fairies, and goblins, and gnomes, which are said to be liberated for this one evening to roam at will over the frosty earth. Her papa had been reading William Bryant's beautiful little poem, "The Little People of the Snow," and Effie's precious little head was all in a whirl trying to understand where the line of truth should be drawn across this fable-land.

As she sat thinking, thinking, with her little legs dangling in front of the warm blaze, the scene before her seemed to change. Up out of the grate started a score of odd gnomes, who seemed in a dreadful hurry about something or other.

Such a chattering, and rustling, and grinning—such rushing to and fro—such tiny little peals of laughter as one drew

forward a tin pail and another lugged with infinite labor a brush five times as long as himself. Then another pot and another brush, and as many as could crowd round began to mark the huge letters of "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year," right over the grate, on the mantle. And then Effie saw that the pretty Dresden ornaments which had stood so primly on the mantle ever since she could remember, were twisting and grinning with evident sympathy and delight at all this gleeful confusion. Letter after letter was formed and at last a shrill, tiny chorus of "Finished!" echoed on all sides.



Then they all crowded around Effie and she saw they had increased wonderfully in numbers, and one approached her

with a great grimace, and said:

"To-night is the night for us, who are the ghosts of the departed days of the year just dying, to wander at will over the earth. It is part of our mission to visit those whose eyes are open to see us, and for every day on which they have done some good, charitable deed to shower over them a beautiful rose-leaf. And for the day on which some naughty, hateful actions have been done by those we visit, the ghost of that day has a right to pinch—pinch—pinch."

And here arose such an uproar as those three hundred and sixty-five gnomes commenced their various work. Over head and lap were softly showered bright, pale-pink rose-leaves. But, oh, dreadful—into her pretty, plump legs those tiny fingers nipped, nipped, nipped—until—oh—my—up jumped Effie with a cry, just as her mamma came into the room! Effie cried and cried, and when mamma heard the cause of it all she told her little girl she had been dreaming.

"But I can feel the horrid pinches yet!" sobbed Effie.

"Oh, that is where the fire has been toasting your legs," said practical mamma.

And not until Effie looked up and searched vainly for the big lettering on the mantle, could she be convinced that she had only been visited by A New Year's Eve Dream.

MARY'S LESSON.

[See *Frontispiece*.]

IT WAS Monday morning, a clear, cold Winter day. Without everything was white with snow and the air was keen and cold, while within the bright fire sent a warmth and glow throughout the pretty room where Grandma Gray sat with her work. The needles clicked and clicked in a steady even time, almost as regular as the ticking of the clock on the high shelf. Thus she sat thinking of the sweet peace of the Sabbath that had just passed and the lessons of love and light she had learned from the ministers of the Gospel. Sweet, dear Grandma, always thinking of the world beyond, the world to which her white hair and furrowed brow tell us she is so near, and of the angels—herself almost an angel, for her goodness and grace bespeak a life more of heaven than of earth.

The holidays are over and again the children must pursue their studies and take up the regular routine of every day life. Like a beautiful oasis in a desert come the Christmas holidays, giving rest and delight to the little students, wandering through the long Winter months with the heavy burdens of book satchels and dinner baskets. Yes, now the pleasant days are past and the pretty toys and picture books must all be laid aside and the books of learning be gathered together again and carried along to school. We can scarcely wonder, this cold morning, that Mary Gray would rather stay at home with her pretty toys in Grandma's cosy room than go plodding through the unbeaten snow to school; but her mother has forbidden it, and so she goes pouting to Grandma to ask her to intercede for her and persuade mama to let her remain. Little Mary is very pretty and has such charming ways that one can scarcely resist humoring her, and besides, grandmothers are always so anxious to please the little ones that it seemed strange to hear Mary's grandmother refuse, especially when Mary looked so sweetly up into her face and plead so earnestly, "only to-day, Grandma, and then I'll go to-morrow."

"Only to-day!" repeated her grandmother, "Wait till to-morrow! My child, many a life has been ruined by always putting off

the duties of to-day for the morrow. No, Mary, you must hasten to school and do not ask again to remain, but every day learn all you can. If you go to-day the lessons will be easier to-morrow. Do you not know that each day prepares us for the work of the next? Time and labor are both saved by honestly performing our daily work. Now, kiss me good morning, and hurry away and when school is over Grandma will tell you a story and teach you a lesson as well."

These kind words had the desired effect on the little girl and she ceased her pouting and gaily started for school.

The school-room looked cheerful and bright, and when Mary arrived was already filled with happy children, for all had not needed a lesson from Grandma, but were eager to meet their little friends and tell of the pleasant hours of the Christmas time. The kind teacher listened a few moments to the clatter of the little tongues, then called the school to order and read the roll. Not a name was called but some happy little voice answered, "Here am I," and none responded more cheerfully than Mary Gray, who thought to herself, "How glad I am that I came to-day, for if I had had my own way, mine would have been the only crossed name on the list and then how sorry we all should be!"

The lessons recited, the songs sung, and school was over. The day had not seemed so long after all, and Mary and her little friends hated to part and lingered around the school-house playing and chatting until the shades of night began to fall. Many times Grandma's promise to tell a story and teach a lesson came into Mary's mind and at these times she felt inclined to hurry home, but the other children continued to play and she thrust aside her intention with the thought, "The story will keep till to-night or to-morrow; I am having such fun," and again the little girl deferred what she knew to be her duty for her own selfish purposes.

After Mary had left for school her Grandmother dropped her knitting, leaned her head back in the chair, and rested her arm on the table near her. For a long time she sat thinking and then seemed to fall asleep. Young Mrs. Gray came into the room to see if mother needed ought, but observing her apparent rest, she withdrew. When afternoon came and Mary should have been home from school, her sweet, gray-haired Grandmother rallied from her drowsiness and raising her head looked around the room, then called in a feeble voice, "Mary!" Her daughter frightened by the old lady's long sleep just then entered the room; for a moment she stood speechless, then rushed to the chair only in time to catch the poor head as it fell back again. An ashen gray color had crept over the wrinkled face, and the eyes seemed to gleam with an unnatural brightness; her hands were already cold. Mrs. Gray quickly summoned aid and the aged woman was placed on her bed. Her son was sent for and a messenger was also dispatched for little Mary, but she, loitering along with her play-mates, had wandered off the direct road and could not be found. As evening came on Grandma bade those who surrounded her bed "good night," and asked again for Mary. She then smiled sweetly, as though in recognition of some loved one, closed her eyes and fell into the sweetest, softest sleep. For a moment only her breath was audible then the heart ceased beating, and the dear ones at the bed-side knew that their own loved mother had gone home. They dared not weep or move, so sweet, so quiet seemed her sleep. She had not suffered pain, she had simply lived her life-time through, and now had passed from earth to heaven to the association of loved ones there, naturally and peacefully. It was a sweet sleep and the heavenly smile on her face told them she was happy.

Just at dark Mary came home; she was very hungry and tired too and thought it so strange that all the folks were out, for Mary passed from room to room and found them all empty. Finally she thought, "Anyway, Grandma is home and she always has a cake or something nice for me. I will go to her." Poor little Mary, she little thought what awaited her in Grandma's room to-night, as she turned the door latch to enter. Her father hearing her approach, met her and taking her hand led her to Grandma's bed side, then leaning over whispered softly "Mary, your Grandmother is dead; she waited to tell you a story, but you came too late." The child gazed intently for a moment then burst into tears; her sobbing was the first sound to disturb the silence of the chamber, but it touched the hearts of the others and tears fell from every eye. Who can look on the form of some loved one whom death has taken and not feel a deep, a poignant sorrow, even when we know that life's race is run and the departed is far happier in her eternal home! Mary was led from the room and every effort was made to soothe her, but she only sobbed and cried, "Oh why did I stay away when I promised to come home. How I wish I had been a better girl!" Dear child, she learned her lesson that night and Grandma's quiet face told a more eloquent story to Mary than any tongue could tell.

The stars came out as bright as ever that night and the silvery moon threw a faint, pale light into Mary's little room as she knelt to say her evening prayer. The evening's quiet and the seeming peace of all around gave a soothing influence to the weeping little girl and she made a firm resolve that night never to linger over and put off her duties but to perform each one in its turn. She felt so keenly the wrong she had done by lingering when she knew her Grandmother was expecting her, and the great punishment she received for her thoughtlessness was almost more than she could bear.

She ever after tried to keep her resolution and never forgot her dear Grandma's lesson.

How few of us there are who perform each duty just when we should, and how many lessons given in this life we allow to pass unheeded by! How many times do we hear, "If I had only known, but now it is too late!" Yes, some lives are filled with regrets and we all ought to heed the lesson Mary learned—to perform each task as it comes, never leaving the labors of to-day to crowd out to-morrow's work.

ANNIE.

A PRINCE CHASTISED.

NEARLY twenty years ago, while Queen Victoria was staying at her summer residence in Balmoral, Scotland, her son Alfred, twelve years old, now Duke of Edinburgh, strayed from the castle, and missed his way home. Meeting a stout boy, with a basket of cockles (a kind of small shell fish) on his head, he hailed him.

The lad paid no attention to him. The young prince shouted again, but the sturdy fish-boy merely looked and walked on. Possibly he resented the rather peremptory tone in which he was called.

The prince, for his part, was used to being obeyed by peasant boys, and the rudeness or stupidity of this one made him angry, and he repeated his command in a still fiercer tone.

"Here, you fellow, show me the way to the castle, I say!"

"I dinna ken't" said the boy, still walking on.

"Tell me, or I'll knock your basket off your head!" screamed the prince.

"Na, ye winna," said the boy, coolly.

At that, the young prince ran after him in a rage, and with spiteful blow, sent the basket tumbling to the ground, scattering the cockles in the dirt.

Then there was a scuffle, and the fish-boy soon punished the prince so smartly that he was glad to break away and run.

It happened that one of the royal attendants, who had been sent in search of the missing prince, caught a glimpse of the fight, and ran to the rescue.

Of course the young peasant had committed a serious offense in daring to strike a member of the royal family. He was collared, and led to the castle, sobbing with fright, but stoutly pleading his cause. He protested that he did not know "wha the gentleman was," which was undoubtedly true.

He was simply resenting the loss of his fish.

Before they reached the castle Alfred exhibited a generosity worthy of his high birth. A little reflection had showed him the right of the matter.

"I was the one to blame," he said. Let the boy go."

The attendant, however, had no idea of letting the boy go. He should give account to the queen, and she must say what was to be done with the fellow who had assaulted her son.

The little Scot fairly quaked with alarm when he found himself shut up in an ante-room of the castle awaiting his sentence. Alfred, however, had been the first to see the queen, and he told her the whole truth about the encounter, taking the fault entirely to himself.

Soon one of the queen's chaplains quietly entered the ante-room, and kindly asked the fish-boy his name, and residence, and occupation, and talked to him in such a gentle, assuring way that his fears were quite soothed.

Then the chaplain made him tell the whole story of his difficulty with the young prince, and when this was done, he smiled and told him that the queen had said he was to be taken into another room to eat a nice supper.

Half an hour afterwards the same clergyman came again, and informed the now delighted boy that her majesty regretted the damage done him, and had sent him five shillings to pay for his loss and delay.

The happy boy scampered home with his money, not forgetting to gather up his basket of cockles on the way. His mother, who was a widow and poor, was as much pleased as himself; but the joy and pride of both were vastly increased when next day a messenger came from the kind-hearted queen to make further inquiries and offer friendly aid. The result was a fortune indeed to poor young Donald, for the royal bounty sent him to school, and finally apprenticed him to a profitable trade.—*Ec.*

WANT OF FAITH.—When men cease to be faithful to their God, he who expects to find them so to each other, will be much disappointed. The primitive sincerity will accompany the primitive piety in her flight from the earth, and then interest will succeed conscience in the regulation of human conduct, till one man cannot trust another further than he holds him by that tie; hence, by the way, it is, that although many are infidels themselves, yet few choose to have their families and dependents such; as judging—and rightly judging—that true Christians are the only persons to be depended on for the exact discharge of their social duties.

ENVY AND SELFISHNESS.

BY J. C.

SOME persons are like swallows—they merely skim the surface of things, and derive their nutriment and support in a very low atmosphere; while others are like the eagle—they soar aloft to scan the surroundings, and seek to obtain correct views from a clear and lofty eminence.

The people who envy their neighbors of "good luck" or general prosperity—who would rather see them the victims of cruel fate, than the recipients of smiling fortune, are possessed of souls poor and pusillanimous indeed, and are blind, not only to their own interest, but they are blind to the interest of society and of the world at large.

Society is so linked together, that we must, bee-like, either prosper or suffer together. If the honey is made by the hive, we are likely to get our share, but if it be not made at all, general want becomes imperative, and general suffering a certainty. All the bees of a hive may not have the good fortune to find the choice flowers that yield the most and the best of nectar; but so long as all are industrious, and make the best of the opportunities within their reach, all are entitled to their due share of the honey gathered.

Admitting that the bee is man's superior, in this regard, it is, nevertheless, a solid truth, that communities will and must suffer or prosper together, just in proportion to the general prosperity or depression of the times; and what is our neighbor's prosperity is our's also, by virtue of the laws of cause and effect, which are as general and absolute in their application as the laws of gravitation, or any of the other laws that govern and control the material world.

The narrow-minded, superficial observer says: "Neighbor so and so has got a fine, well-appointed place. He prospers exceedingly, and seems to be comfortable and happy; but what are these to me, so long as I, myself, am not prospered." The same person passes along the street and sees some portion of his neighbor's fence misplaced, which a moment's time might adjust, but he passes it heedlessly, stooping not to stop the breach. The consequence is, a loss of property is entailed, which may have cost somebody weeks of anxious, ardent toil. He merely chuckles, and makes this sordid, silent remark: "Let others fix their fences, as I have to fix mine; nobody does for me, and I shall do for nobody." Does this person not know that his neighbor's loss is his own, not only as regards the loss of dimes and dollars, but if the loss has caused his brother to lose his temper and made him violate the law of man or of God, society is so much impaired by the loss? For, like the small pebble that is dropped into the pool, or like the single drop of water that enters the bucket, the cause may seem infinitesimal, but the effect and influence are certain and will surely be felt for good or for evil. Narrow selfishness is very degrading in all its aspects and ramifications, and society can only prosperously exist by hearty, mutual interest, influence and support.

Should the best family of the land attempt to live for itself only, disaster would be almost certain to overtake it. The members might become the easy prey of malady or disease without the aid of timely, kind and skillful services and prescriptions; or they might become the easy prey of the savage, without the protection of their neighbors; and a host of other ills might assail them in an isolated capacity.

Again, it is from the well-to-do, or better-off portion of society, that the poorer classes are employed and sustained,

and every edifice or other work of art that is called into requisition to enrich a family, a hamlet, a town or a city, is just another valuable coin from the mint of industry, to give greater brilliancy and effect to the community in general; or just another lever placed upon its fulcrum to lift us up to greater prominence and respect as a people. Our temporal and spiritual interests are so blended that whichever way we view the stern problems of life, man's dependency upon his fellow and upon his Creator seems apparent. Past prosperity has transmitted to us certain effects for good and for evil. We, also, are daily and hourly writing our history and making our record, and mankind will sooner or later feel the effects of the course we are pursuing. Every effort we make to suppress error and wrong in ourselves, or in others, is forming a part of the grand, spotless garlands of truth and righteousness that shall yet deck the whole earth and her redeemed inhabitants, and every vice that we encourage and foster will stamp our character and our lives just as surely as the king of day leaves his seat on the Orient hill, to paint the western sky with the magnificence of his departing glory.

We thus see that God who orders all things for the best good of His children, has bound us together so closely and indissolubly, that both the revelations of His divine will and the nature of our every-day surroundings assure us that we are called upon to occupy a broad and liberal platform, and that it is our duty to bury forever, blind, grovelling, narrow-minded envy and selfishness.

THE GOSPEL.

BY B. H. ROBERTS.

THE aged and the middle-aged among the Latter-day Saints of Utah, are familiar with the first principles of the gospel. For the most part, they received the gospel in foreign lands where those principles, denominated *first principles*, were explained in detail to them by the Elders who taught them the gospel. Not only in public were these principles expounded, but also by the fire-side were they made the topic of conversation, and their correctness proven by the scriptures.

There exists, therefore, no particular necessity of addressing our older brethren and sisters on these subjects. But in all the Stakes of Zion are large numbers, not only of children, but also of young men and women who have been born and raised in the Church, and yet have not had the first principles of the gospel explained to them so fully, or each step proven to them from the scriptures as their parents have had who had to be convinced, before accepting the truth, that the principles taught by the Elders were true. We do not speak of this lack of information on the part of the young with a view to reflect discredit upon our brethren whose calling it has been to preach to the Saints in Zion. Indeed this state of affairs arises from the nature of the circumstances by which we have been surrounded, rather than from any neglect on the part of our public teachers. A new country has had to be settled, and various principles taught to govern people in the different circumstances in which they have been placed; and these things have occupied their attention. Very many people have taken it for granted that everybody understands these first

simple principles of the gospel, but they are mistaken; there are large numbers who do not understand them.

We believe the principles of the gospel should be intelligently comprehended by all who obey the same; and as each year brings hundreds of the youth of Zion to the age of accountability before the Lord, the writer believes there is great need of the *first principles* of the gospel being preached among the Saints: it is this belief that has prompted him to write for the INSTRUCTOR a series of articles on the gospel; and he hopes, under the influence of the Holy Ghost, to make plain the simple yet sublime truths of the gospel of salvation to his young brethren and sisters in Zion.

When commencing the study of any subject the first thing is to understand the meaning of the terms used. As for instance in commencing the study of arithmetic, the first step is to determine what arithmetic is. When we have learned that it is the science of numbers, and the art of making calculations by means of them, we are better prepared to proceed with our investigation. So in studying the gospel; the first thing to learn is, what is the gospel. We will let the scriptures answer:

"For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation, to every one that believeth." (*Rom. i, 16.*)

Are we to understand from this passage that abstract belief—we mean mere belief separate and apart from any act of obedience to laws and ordinances—will secure to man salvation? We think not. We understand that the belief of which Paul speaks, contemplates obedience to all the laws and ordinances of the gospel, and that this belief will prompt obedience to all gospel requirements. So with all those expressions such as, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved;" and "whosoever *believeth* in Him should not perish but have everlasting life." This belief, prompting man to obedience to the gospel, makes the gospel to him the power of God unto salvation.

We are driven to this conclusion by taking into consideration several other passages of scripture in connection with that already quoted from Romans. Says Jesus, "Not every one that saith unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that *doeth* the will of my Father which is in heaven." (*Mat. vii, 21.*) Says James, "Receive with meekness the engrafted word, which is able to save your souls. But be ye *doers* of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves." (*James i, 21, 22.*)

Again says Jesus, "Whosoever cometh to me, and heareth my sayings, and *doeth* them, I will shew you to whom he is like: He is like a man which built an house, and digged deep, and laid the foundation on a rock: and when the flood arose, the stream beat vehemently upon that house, and could not shake it: for it was founded upon a rock." While the man who heard His sayings and *did* them not was like unto the man who built his house on the sands, against which the flood prevailed. (*Luke vi, 47-49.*) But still stronger than all this is the expression in Hebrews, "And being made perfect; He (Christ) became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that *obey* Him." (*Heb. v, 9.*)

After carefully considering all these scriptures, we are led to conclude that the gospel is the power of God unto salvation to all those who *believe* and *obey* the same.

THE TWO WEAVERS.

BY HANNAH MORE.

As at their work two weavers sat,
Beguiling time with friendly chat,
They touched upon the price of meat;
So high, a weaver could not eat.

"What with my cares and sickly wife,"
Quoth Dick, "I'm almost tired of life,
So hard we work, so hard we fare,
'Tis more than mortal man can bear.

"How glorious is the rich man's state!
His house so fine, his wealth so great!
Heaven is unjust, you must agree;
Why all to *him* and none to *me*?"

"In spite of what the scripture teaches,
In spite of all the pulpit preaches,
This world—indeed I've thought so long—
Is ruled, methink, extremely wrong.

"Where'er I look, howe'er I range,
'Tis all confused, and hard, and strange;
The good are troubled and oppressed,
And all the wicked are the blessed."

Quoth John, "Our ignorance is the cause,
Why, thus we blame our Maker's laws;
Parts of His ways alone we know,
'Tis all that men can see below.

"Seest thou that carpet, not half done,
Which thou, dear Dick, hast well begun?
Behold the wild confusion there,
So rude the mass it makes one stare.

"A stranger, ignorant of the trade,
Would say, no meaning's there conveyed;
For where's the middle, where's the border?
Thy carpet now is all disorder."

Quoth Dick, "My work is all in bits,
But still in every part it fits;
Besides, you reason like a lout,
Why, man, the carpet's inside out."

Says John, "Thou sayest the thing I mean,
And now I hope to cure thy spleen;
This world, which clouds thy soul with doubt,
Is but a carpet inside out.

"As when we view those shreds and ends,
We know not what the whole intends;
So, when on earth things look but odd,
They're working still some scheme of God.

"No plan, no pattern can we trace,
All wants proportion, truth and grace:
The motley mixture we deride,
Nor see the beauteous upper side.

"But when we reach the world of light,
And view these works of God aright,
Then shall we see the whole design,
And own the Workman is divine.

"What now seem random strokes, will there
All order and design appear;
Then shall we praise what here we spurned;
For there the carpet will be turned."

EVIL thoughts are the seeds from which spring wicked deeds.

THE ORPHAN GIRL.

BY AUNT EM.

I IMAGINE the children sitting around a bright fire on a cold Winter's night and teasing for a story; and because I love little folks very much, and I know how tired mamma is sure to be when night comes, and as I have a great sympathy for tired mothers, I thought I would write the children a story that they could have for New Year's Eve, and then mamma might rest. However, I hope you will not expect it to be as enchanting as one of "Anderson's Fairy Tales," "Aunt Jo's Scrap Bag," or "Shawl Straps." It will be a true story, though, and that will make it more interesting.

In the Empire State, many years ago, two "Mormon" Elders were traveling and preaching the gospel, and in their travels they stopped at the town of B——, where they converted and baptized a few people. Among those who received and obeyed the gospel there was a young farmer and his wife, whom we will call by the name of Andrews. They had four children and were a very happy and prosperous family. Time went on and the parents had the spirit of gathering, as all Latter-day Saints do soon after receiving the gospel. Finally, they sold the homestead and made every preparation to go away. The children could not understand why they might not as well remain in the dear old home as to gather to Zion; for so they designated Nauvoo. They had often heard their father say he would live and die on the farm. Little Margaret, who was the youngest, asked her mother what Zion was, and she answered:

"Zion, my little girl, is a beautiful city, where everybody is good and there will be no naughty children, and all will be peace and love; and we shall see Joseph the Prophet, whom the Lord has called to lead His people."

"But, mother," continued the child, "will there be any schools there, and can we go and study as we do here?"

"O, yes; and you will be taught in everything that will make you wise and good; we expect to give our children even a better education than if we remained here in B——; but it will be a new life to us all, and I trust a brighter and better one."

The children were satisfied with mother's assurances, and as children always delight in new scenes and places it did not take long to forget their sorrow in leaving the old home and dear school-friends and playmates, for each day brought some fresh delight. The journey was a pleasant one, for they traveled by steamer most of the way, and so far all was well. But after arriving in Nauvoo things did not turn out just as they had anticipated, and many trials beset their pathway. But although disappointed in many ways, Brother and Sister Andrews still rejoiced in the faith they had embraced, and to see Joseph the Prophet and hear him preach to the people was a joy indeed. I cannot tell you here all that befel the Andrews family in Nauvoo, but suffice it to say they had a very pleasant home and surroundings.

At the time of the exodus from that city, after the martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph and his brother, Hyrum, in Carthage Jail, Brother Andrews assisted the first company of Saints in leaving the city in mid Winter; and when the next company left for the West he was ready with his family to start with them. In Nauvoo both Brother and Sister Andrews had suffered from fever and ague, and now when they were exposed to storms and inclement weather it proved too much for them and both were prostrated by sickness and day after day lay in their wagon suffering with pain until the angel of

death came to their deliverance. There are many nameless graves by the way-side, of those who died in consequence of the fatigue and hardships of that wonderful pilgrimage—untimely deaths caused by the mobbings and drivings of the Saints from their hard-earned homes.

After the death and burial of the father and mother the family was broken up. The only son, who was now nearly a young man, would not proceed upon the journey, and taking one of the teams and a wagon returned to Nauvoo, and some years after drifted back to his native State. The three girls, however, had more faith and went forward to the Missouri River; but as the story I am telling you pertains more particularly to the youngest daughter, I will only say they arrived in safety at Winter Quarters, where the girls were separated, for one (the oldest) was married there and soon afterwards died; and another, the second, followed her brother back to Nauvoo at the first opportunity.

Little Margaret, of whom I have spoken before, remained true and steadfast. Her father's sister took her under her care and protection. She was a peculiar child in many respects and her aunt and cousins evidently did not understand her at all, for they were, from the first, antagonistic. Her cousins looked upon her as a sort of charity child, and instead of showing her every kindness, treated her so cruelly that she often wished she had died with her father and mother. In fact, the child was perfectly wretched; but she had a great deal of spirit and when it was aroused not even her complacent, sweet-tempered aunt could manage her.

She was a modern Cinderella, only, you know, now-a-days there are no fairy godmothers to turn mice into horses, or pumpkins into coaches, and she could not have worn a very tiny slipper of any kind, for she was large and bony and her cousins told her she was very homely and awkward. She was treated as a servant to her aunt and cousins and she rebelled in her heart against her position. She was wise enough to know it was wrong, and she wanted *justice*, simple justice, as she told her aunt one day when she had been grievously imposed upon and felt perfectly wretched. At night she often prayed that she might die and go to her father and mother in heaven. At last she resolved not to submit to the ill-treatment of her cousins any longer; she was growing older and fancied she could earn her own living, and if she must be a servant she would work for strangers. She longed for love, and sweet kisses, and kind words, such as she had once known; and she thought sometimes of the old farm and the school-house and the loving playmates from whom she had parted with so few regrets. She grew hard, and cold, and distant, and her temper did not improve. At last the crisis came; things had grown worse and worse, and one unlucky morning when she had been severely reprimanded by one of her cousins she stood in a defiant attitude before the fire, by which her aunt was sitting, and twisting the corner of her apron nearly off in her anger, she burst forth:

"I'm going, and I don't care where! I wish I was dead, for nobody loves me, and I can't please anybody; and I don't see why I was ever born!"

All this with a great convulsive sob and a torrent of tears.

"Now, Margaret," said her aunt, "it is very wrong to fly into such a passion and say such dreadful things, and I shall be obliged to punish you for such conduct, just as I would one of my own girls if they should behave as you do."

"But you love your own girls and you hate me!" was the angry reply. "You shan't punish me, I'll go and tho girls

may do their own work and see how they like it! I hate them, anyway; they're proud, and mean, and selfish!"

"It is your own wicked temper that makes them dislike you," said her aunt, "and, besides, you acknowledge that you hate them."

"Well, so I do," said the child, "and I hate you, too!" And then she flung herself down exhausted and sobbed and cried as if her heart would break.

When she became more quiet her aunt said, "Margaret, I am sure you must be quite ashamed of your temper," and thereupon she gave her a severe lecture and told her she must humble herself and ask to be forgiven. Children are not easily deceived, and Margaret knew her aunt always overlooked fits of temper in her own daughters, and therefore she took little notice of what she said, although it was perfectly correct in theory. But Margaret was determined to go away, so she dried her tears, bathed her face and put on her bonnet and shawl; then going to her aunt, for whom she had some affection still, she said:

"I'm sorry to leave you in anger, but I must go away from here; I believe I am ugly, and disagreeable, and unkind, but I'm not a fool and I can earn my own living somehow."

After she was gone her aunt consoled herself by thinking that she would come back, for provisions were not plentiful and no one wanted to provide for more than their own in those days of scarcity.

Margaret went forth with a sad heart, but she was not forsaken. She found warm hearts and those who were glad of her services and rewarded her with love and tenderness. I only wish I had time to tell you how the whole current of her life was changed from that very day. In this family Margaret was surrounded by quite another influence; they were Latter-day Saints in deed as well as in name. There was a young mother, so frail and delicate that she seemed only a child herself, and a sick babe, and a dear, blessed grandmother with the patience of an angel and a beautiful face, as Margaret thought, and it was perfect happiness to her to be daily associated with those refined and cultivated women. The young husband had gone with the pioneers and so Margaret, who had grown to be quite a young woman, for she was fourteen years of age now, made herself very useful to these two lone women.

She had always been fond of books and had a great desire to learn, and she found willing helpers in Mrs. Wallace and her mother. At evening, when her work was done, she would sit in the chimney corner poring over her lessons by firelight, for they had no such luxuries as candles in those days, except to use upon special occasions, or in case of sickness.

I must not make my story too long, so I cannot tell you all that happened to Margaret in her journeyings towards the "promised land," but although she often walked all day long, for the wagons were heavily loaded, and was sometimes foot-sore and weary, yet she was happier than in those dreadful days in Winter Quarters; for she had learned many useful lessons from the beautiful young mother and the blessed grandmother. And love had wrought a change in her whole life.

Everything was very primitive in the early pioneer days in this valley, and the little readers of the JUVENILE can scarcely imagine how the people were situated then; but in a new country courage and energy are very great helps, and Margaret had both. The long Winter evenings in the Old Fort were busy ones for her, and she made rapid progress in her studies and found many friends willing to aid her in her search for knowledge. She very soon qualified herself for a teacher and

succeeded admirably in this new field of labor. The means she earned by teaching she saved as much as possible to buy books in order to advance herself still further. But all this time she did not neglect her duties as a Latter-day Saint and the little orphan girl, left so destitute and forlorn, became in time a woman of strong character and sterling integrity to the gospel.

Now, my little children, as this is not a love story I need not tell you how she came to be married, but nevertheless it happened so and her husband was soon after called on a mission to the Sandwich Islands. She went with him and while he preached the gospel she taught the native children. And now I suppose you will want me to tell you what became of Margaret after the mission was finished; but don't you know story books never tell any more after people are married? I will do a little better and tell you a little more.

Some years after Margaret returned from the Sandwich Islands, Mrs. Wallace was very sick, and as she lived in the country and could not procure medical assistance she came to the city, where Margaret was living, in order to have a physician attend her. Margaret waited upon her as if she had been her own sister, for she loved her very tenderly and she remembered how much Mrs. Wallace had done for her when she felt her life was such a burden and had longed to die, and so it transpired, strangely, too, that Mrs. Wallace died in Margaret's arms, away from her husband, children and mother, and Margaret felt very grateful that she had been permitted to make this recompense to one who had done so much for her in days gone by.

I have told you this story partly to show you what difficulties and severe trials many of the Saints have had to endure, and also to impress you with what energy and perseverance will accomplish. Margaret, the poor little orphan girl, is today the possessor of her own home, a good library and a fair education in many branches of knowledge, and many comforts besides. From being the poor, lonely child who went out to seek employment, friendless and destitute, she is now surrounded by friends who entertain for her the highest regard. She has passed through fiery ordeals, but she has kept the faith and maintained her integrity to the truth, and though comparatively alone still, so far as her own kindred are concerned, she is doing a noble work in assisting others and realizes she has something very important to live for. She has long ago bitterly repented of her folly in longing to die, for she is the only one of all her father's house who has kept the faith, and she hopes to assist in redeeming her kindred who have died without a knowledge of the plan of salvation.

And now you may see what one little girl can do, even when left alone in the wide world with only God to watch over and protect her; and remember, children, how many blessings you have, and help those who are in need, and above all, show kindness to your little friends. Think how Margaret longed for some one to love her and how, when she found loving hearts, it changed the whole course of her life and made her temper affectionate and agreeable.

There are many women like Margaret among the Latter-day Saints, though not many who have been left quite so much alone as she was, an orphan in very deed. But courage and energy will accomplish wonders for us all when united with implicit faith and accompanied with earnest prayer.

FEAR is the tax that conscience pays to guilt.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, JANUARY 1, 1885.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

BY the time this number of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR reaches the hands of its readers, the year 1885 will have been fully ushered in and we shall have entered upon the Twentieth Volume of our little periodical.

In looking back over the past, what momentous events have been crowded into the past nineteen years! In looking forward to the same number, what changes may we not anticipate!

A new generation are now upon the field of action. The most of the men who, under God, laid the foundation of this great work have gone to receive the reward of their labors. But few are left, and they, too, are now enjoying the fruits of a well-spent life and a ripe old age. It will not be long before it will be difficult to find one who knew the Prophet Joseph, and who heard his teachings. Yet the spirit that he possessed, and through which he gave impress and shape to the work entrusted to him, still lives and animates the bosoms of those who are actively employed in the ministry at the present time. Every year, however, seems to carry away from our midst men and women who have been long identified with the work and whose experience seems invaluable and almost indispensable to it. The Lord, however, is constantly sending new laborers into the field, who are fitted and qualified, through His blessing, for the labors that have to be performed, and they increase and come forward as His work spreads and its requirements demand.

There is one accompaniment of this work that should call forth the attention of the whole world. We refer to the widespread antagonism there is manifested against it. This is so remarkable a feature that it is one of the strangest things in the world that men do not notice it, when the numbers and character of the Latter-day Saints are taken into consideration. The Prophet Joseph Smith predicted all that is now taking place at a time when its fulfillment was unlikely. Who could have thought, in the early rise of this Church, that the time would come when the government of the United States would array itself against it, and the constitution would be trampled upon to deal it blows! It was so improbable an action that no one not possessed of the spirit of prophecy and revelation would have ever thought of making such an assertion. Yet how plainly it is being fulfilled to-day before our eyes!

In looking forward to the future we may reasonably expect an increase of this opposition. As the work grows and gains foothold in the earth, so will the opposition to it spread and increase. Can it be wondered at? Satan knows that his power must go down if this Church is successful. It is no holiday contest with him. He is in dead earnest. He sees a power established in the earth which, if successful, will destroy his dominion. He has accurately measured all the consequences that will attend the success of this work called "Mor-

monism," and he has determined that it shall not prevail if he can prevent it. This is the secret of the persecutions in Arizona, in Idaho, and also of the inimical action of the Congress of the United States. While we are engaged in the warfare and are made to feel the wrath of the adversary, still it is not a contest that depends upon us for its success. If this were so it would soon be ended. But it is a contest between the powers of darkness and the powers of light. It reaches into eternity and the Eternal Father, His Son Jesus, the angels and the spirits of just men made perfect are all engaged on the one side, and on the other Satan, with all the hosts of hell and every evil influence and power over which he has control. We do our part to the best of our ability. This is required of us, but the results remain with the Great Eternal. He will control and overrule them to bring to pass His own purposes.

Where people have faith and implicit confidence in the Almighty to them this contest is most interesting; for their serenity cannot be disturbed, no matter how menacing affairs may look, and there is positive enjoyment in witnessing the development of events and watching the wonderful providences of our Father in bringing to pass His purposes. This makes the life of a Latter-day Saint exceedingly interesting. He has an enjoyment in life and an interest in affairs as they move on beyond that of any other person. At the same time the knowledge which he has concerning this work and its eventual triumph relieves him from all anxiety, and gives him a delight and a happiness of which the world cannot conceive. We hope that this is the feeling that every one of our little readers will enjoy from this time forward throughout their mortal lives.

WASHINGTON AT DORCHESTER.—Mr. Locke, who was a respected clergyman of Hollis, Me., was a frequent visitor, about fifty years ago, at the house of our correspondent's father, in Kennebunkport. "When I was a boy!" writes Mr. Andrew Walker, a correspondent, "I have heard him, more than once, relate the following anecdote, and I recollect it as distinctly as if told yesterday." He said:

"I was soldier in the army of the revolutionary war, and was detailed, with others, to build the breastworks on Dorchester Heights. A day or two after the works were begun, Gen. Washington rode into the enclosure. I was a sentinel. Near me was a wheelbarrow and shovel; not far off was an idle soldier.

"'Why do you not work with the others?' asked Washington, addressing the soldier.

"'I am a corporal, sir,' he replied.

"The General immediately dismounted, and marched to the barrow, shovelled it full of sand, wheeled it to the breastworks, dumped his load, and returned the empty barrow to its place. Without uttering a word, he mounted his horse and rode away."

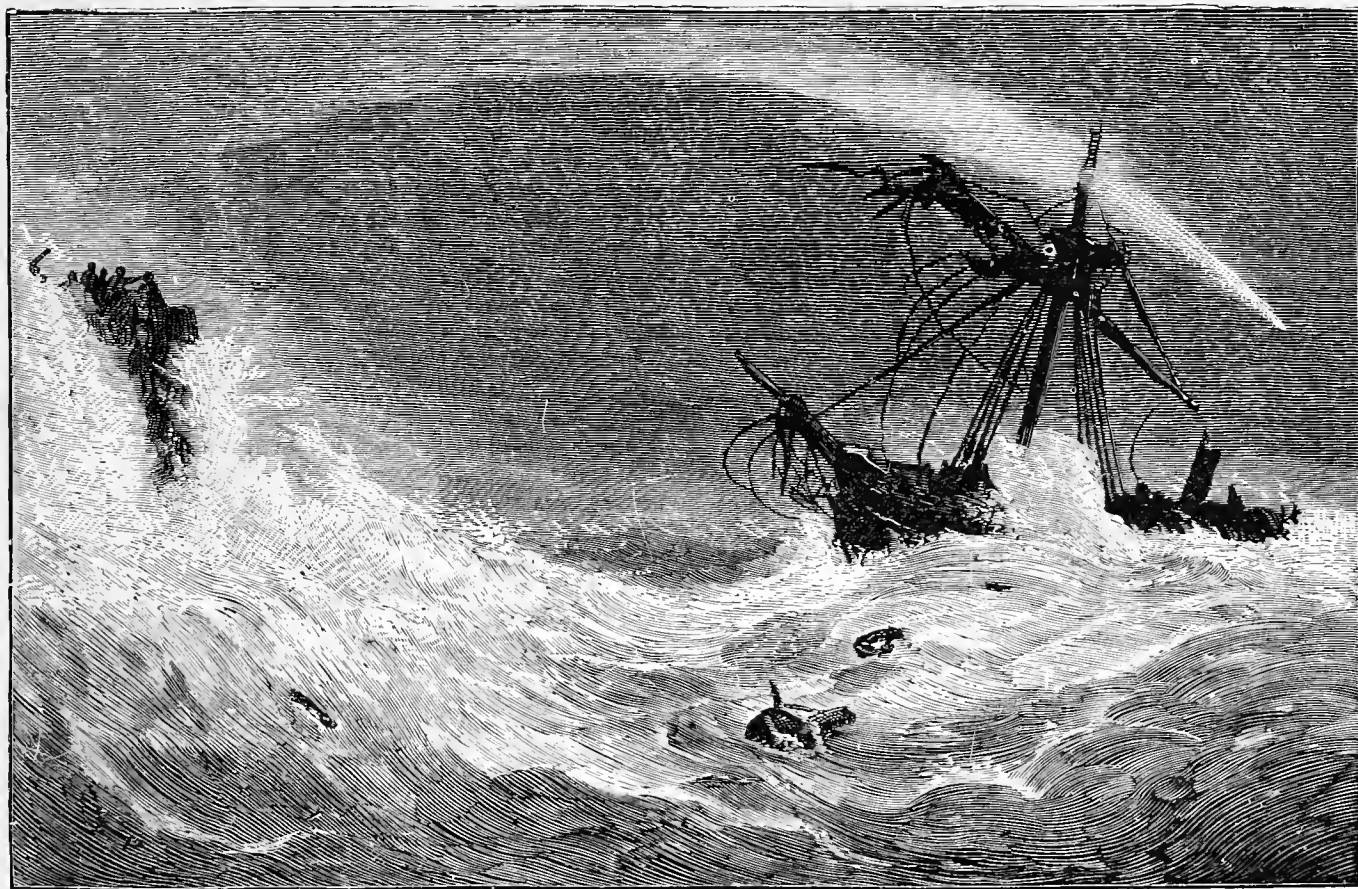
This anecdote of Washington has been related in various ways, but this seems to be a correct version. It presents him in a different attitude from that given him by several writers who represent his conduct while at Boston as being unduly dignified, proud and reserved. Washington's dignity was essential to his position, and an element of strength to the cause, since a leader, to be successful, must command profound respect. False pride he despised, and he was always ready to rebuke it.—*Ec.*

SENDING A LINE OVER A WRECK.

VERY few of those who inhabit this inland country are in the least aware of the great dangers attending a life on the sea. The horrors of a storm upon the ocean, when in whichever direction the eye is turned nothing is visible but sky above and water beneath, cannot be depicted in words; but such an event is at least equalled in danger by a storm encountered in many narrow channels through which ships have to pass. In the former the vessel is liable to be overwhelmed from the force of the wind and waves, while in the latter not only do these two elements combine to work destruction, but the unlucky bark is also liable to be driven on hidden rocks or covered sand-bars and there be dashed to pieces.

attached to the other was a thin line. This could be thrown by an expert to a distance of perhaps fifty yards, and if it could be properly directed so as to reach the sinking ship the thin line could be made to draw a rope to the endangered passengers, on which after being fastened to the mast, many were able to reach the shore. This means of throwing a line was found, however, to be inadequate, and led to the invention by Captain Manby, in 1807 of the *life-mortar*.

This mortar was an ordinary five and one-half inch tube fixed at a certain angle in a thick block of wood. The missile discharged from it was a shot with curved hooks on its sides which were designed to catch hold of the rigging or bulwarks of a ship. The rope was fastened to the ball by means of raw-hide strips. This invention was used on many parts of the British coast, and so great was the success attending it that



True, when near shore the wrecked have the chance of being washed ashore, but they also are exposed to the danger of being hurled against the rocks or crushed between the floating pieces of the wrecked ship.

One hundred years have nearly elapsed now since the first life-boat was launched on the coast of the British Isles, since which time it has come into almost general use; and life-boat stations are established on nearly every dangerous coast in every part of the civilized world. There are several different kinds of life-boats now in use, but in each the principal features are the same, strength and ease of propulsion being the chief objects to be attained.

There was used for many years in connection with the life-boat system the *heaving-stick*, which consisted of a piece of stout cane loaded at one end with two pounds of lead, and

mortar stations were established at various places where it seemed likely they would be most needed.

The most effective rocket yet invented and the one now in common use is known as Boxer's patent. It is similar in some respects to the one above described, but is capable of throwing a line a much greater distance than any formerly used. It can easily send a line of relief to a ship five hundred yards distant.

After a hawser has been stretched connecting a wrecked vessel with the shore, the devices are numerous by which human lives are saved. One apparatus curiously named *petticoat-breeches*, or more simply, *sling life-buoy*, consists of a circular cork buoy, which forms the top ring of a pair of canvas breeches. A man gets into one of these with his legs protruding below the breeches, and his arms resting on the buoy; he is then pulled to the shore by means of a block-tackle.

Another method of rescue is by what is commonly called a *traveler*. This is a light boat fastened to rollers which run on the hawser, and is pulled to and from the ship by ropes. Into this boat three persons can comfortably be placed, when an india-rubber or other waterproof covering is drawn tightly over the top of the boat so as to exclude the water.

Our engraving represent a line being sent over the wrecked ship *Elizabeth*, off the coast of England. The bright path marked by the rocket as it passes through the air is caused by a fuse attached to the projectile which can be seen by those on shore and thus informs them whether or not the line has fallen on the ship. The crew and passengers of this ill-fated vessel were among the first to be rescued by means of the mortar and rocket. And had it not been for this good invention it is very improbable that a single person would have survived the wreck, because the ship struck a hidden rock in a place where life-boats could not be used even had they been at hand, and those who might have caught a floating spar would most likely have been dashed to pieces on the rocky shore.

THE SPY OF THE VALLEY.

I WAS stationed at Winchester, Va., as one of the officers of the post. The commandant was a genial gentleman of the volunteer force. He had been brought up in the mercantile life, and of course had but little experience in military affairs. His intelligence in general matters was fully equal to the average, and his courage was undoubted, for, young as he was, he had been several times under fire, and had always behaved gallantly.

It was known that Stonewall Jackson, with a considerable body of cavalry and infantry, and a very large supply of artillery, for that section, was on his march up the valley. We could hear from him occasionally at various points. Now and then reports reached us of his successful dashes.

We were placed, unfortunately, under the disadvantage of being surrounded by citizens to whom Jackson was the acknowledged hero and idol. He was almost worshiped by sinner and saint alike.

"Wait till Jackson comes," said one old graybeard, as he leaned on his cane. "Jackson's got God A'mighty's ear, and you may depend on't, he's bound to conquer."

"They threaten to burn Winchester," was the news brought in one day by one of our soldiers.

"They can't do it while Stonewall Jackson lives," was the quick reply of a bystander.

"Why not?"

"His prayers will save us."

And that is the sort of hero he was—mighty in prayer—and I believe the people thought more of that than they did of his battles. They seemed to have perfect faith in his Christian character, as indeed they well might, for, leaving entirely out of the question his power as a military leader, he was a good man.

The great want of our army at this point was artillery. We had muskets enough, sabres enough, horses and men enough for immediate defense. But in long-range guns we were lamentably deficient.

We knew that if Jackson should sweep up the valley with his large park of Napoleons, our infantry, unprotected by any fortifications, would be at his mercy. Every movement we made was likely to be discovered, and the information of it quickly fur-

nished to the advancing general. Even the pretty, delicate, boarding-school misses were ready to do dangerous duty, and in some cases did good service to their cause.

It was a glorious day when one morning I sallied from my quarters. Winchester was full of gardens, and the trees were bright with birds, who sang, unchecked by any fear of approaching danger.

Very leisurely I went to the office of the commandant of the post. Everything was arranged according to the usual military precision. The officer was seated at his desk in his inner room. Opposite him sat a stranger, a beautiful young lady, dressed for a journey, and who was evidently using all her fascinations to attract and hold his attention.

By her side was a youthful-looking officer in the Union dress, who evidently was schooling himself to composure. My suspicions were at once aroused that he was not what he seemed.

The appearance of the lady was very striking. She was gesticulating gracefully as she continued her conversation with our commandant. Over her handsome face flitted bewitching smiles.

But there was a fixedness of purpose in her manner, a calm composure, approaching at times to sternness, that was not altogether congenial with the buoyancy and flippancy of her general bearing and speech. She was intensely earnest in her appeals to the commandant, and at times appeared to be tenderly and coquettishly beseeching a favor, which he seemed to hesitate to grant.

The officer who accompanied her sat silent in his chair, idly turning his cap in his hands, and looking on the road with such a strained expression that it clearly proved him to be desirous to be out of head-quarters and on a contemplated journey.

A horse and light Virginia carryall, with seats for two persons, was standing at the door, guarded by an orderly. The curtains of the carriage were drawn closely down and securely fastened.

The commandant at length rose from his table, and, giving me an intelligent glance, we passed together into an adjoining private room. The moment we reached it, he broke the silence.

"Suppose we hold a council of war. This is new business to me. Here is this young woman sent to me from Harper's Ferry by the commandant there, with a request that she be permitted to pass our lines to the front.

"She has been placed in charge of this Union officer, whose papers and answers seem all right, and her papers are also straight. She is desirous of going to visit her kindred, with medicine and clothing for the sick and needy Confederates among them.

"I have caused the carriage to be thoroughly searched, and find nothing at all suspicious there. As an action with Jackson may be impending, my intuitions impel me to detain the young lady till the battle is decided. But my benevolence prompts me to send her forward with her escort. What is your opinion?"

"That your duty as a soldier is paramount," said I, respectfully. "I feel impressed as you do. Like you also I feel promptings of humanity, and on that account would like to see the young lady passing our lines; but I cannot overcome the suspicion that under her fair exterior she may be a Confederate spy."

"That's the way it strikes me," responded the commandant; "but I find that her papers, after having been examined and endorsed at Harper's Ferry, have been re-examined and

re-endorsed at Martinsburg. The gentleman who is with her has the official Union Commission. They both tell the same story. I have examined the carriage, and find nothing contraband of war."

"My opinion is," I added, "that this handsome young woman herself is decidedly contraband of war."

"She is decidedly beautiful," responded the commandant, quickly. He was quite young, and might perhaps be excused for saying it. "Do you know," he went on, "she reminds me of a lady friend at home, an innocent, charming creature, and one of the most elegant women I ever saw."

"Pardon me, commandant," said I, feeling the gravity of the situation, "but we must not allow ourselves to put beauty against duty."

"No, no," he replied, "by no means. I am more inclined than ever to detain them—though if she hasn't seen an invalid mother for seven months—well, it's hard. Suppose you step out to the carriage and overhaul its contents more closely."

With pleasure," I said. I passed out to the carriage, and with the help of the orderly, opened the close-fitting curtains and searched every part of it. There was nothing of an objectionable character to be found, and I so reported to the commandant.

On re-entering the office to make my report, I saw that the lovely young lady was talking eagerly, and was appealing to the sympathies of the too impressible officer. She had drawn her chair to his side, and was looking in his face with bright tear-drops falling from her beautiful eyes. The commandant looked as if he believed every word she said.

The moment I had spoken to him, he drew up to his table, opened his portfolio, and wrote the much-coveted pass. The young lady, on receiving it, bounded from her seat, and then, as I could plainly see, made a strong effort to restrain her gladness. Controlling her steps, she went quietly to the door. Her companion followed her with equally-suppressed animation, bearing the precious document, which she had immediately passed to him, and that assured them of a safe conduct beyond the Union lines.

In a moment more we heard the rattle of the wheels on the hard road leading out of Winchester, directly towards the Confederate headquarters. I was sure of it. The horse, though not much to look at, was a thoroughbred. Once up the street, he flew over the ground like lightning. They were out of sight even as I looked.

"So you found nothing contraband in the venerable Virginia vehicle?" said the commandant, in a somewhat hesitating tone, and moving back and forth uneasily.

"There was nothing contraband in the carriage *then*," I replied, "but I am not so sure about its contents now."

"What do you mean?" he inquired.

"I mean," said I, "that if there were a Union lady among our acquaintances in Winchester" (the officers' wives had been sent away on account of the expected fight), "it would have been better to have had the lady herself searched. I am almost sure that papers of importance are secreted in her clothing."

The commandant started suddenly to his feet.

"Too late!" he exclaimed, looking seriously troubled. "I never thought of that. It is my first experience of the kind, and something tells me that I have been deceived." He sat silent for some moments. At length he spoke:

"Danger will probably be upon us to-night. I fear I have sacrificed to the pleasant memories of peace among the

absent, the stern duties of war which belong to the present. Call out the guard!"

The whole post was immediately put in as complete a state of defense as our limited resources would allow.

Next morning, long before the break of day, the shells of Stonewall Jackson's Napoleons were bursting in the air over our heads, the fragments carrying death and ruin in our ranks. Our magazine, where our principal defenses were stored, was on fire. Our horses and cattle taking fright, came stampeding through the town, carrying confusion and uproar along with them. The smoke of our burning materials of protection rose thick in the sky, and the streets were soon so filled, that neither men nor horses could be well distinguished in the darkness.

It was plain that every part of our plan of action had been revealed to Jackson, and he had not lost a moment of active preparation. Some spy had revealed to him our condition, and he was now rapidly advancing towards us, nay, was upon us. The young commandant, so manly and handsome, paid dearly for his moment of weakness, for with the rising sun, the sun of his gallant life set. Struck in the breast by the huge fragment of a shell, I found him gasping for breath in the house where he had been carried. He died in my arms.

Half an hour later, on a commanding hill, overlooking the whole field of action, we could see through our glass Stonewall Jackson sitting like an iron statue on his iron-gray horse, his slouched hat drawn, or fallen partially over his left eye, surveying the movements of his troops. Not far off, and waving her white handkerchief in the direction of the late Union headquarters, well mounted on a spirited charger, while behind her waved the colors of the the victorious forces was the young lady to whom our commandant had given the fatal pass.

It was the daring, handsome spy of the Virginia Valley—Belle Boyd.

Selected.

EDUCATION BETTER THAN OUTWARD BEAUTY.—I cannot understand the importance which certain people set upon outward beauty or plainness. I am of opinion that all true education, such at least as has a religious foundation, must infuse a noble calm, a wholesome coldness, an indifference, or whatever people may call it, towards suchlike outward gifts, or the want of them. And who has not experienced of how little consequence they are in fact for the weal or woe of life? Who has not experienced how, on near acquaintance, plainness becomes beautified, and beauty loses its charm, exactly according to the quality of the heart and mind? And from this cause am I of opinion that the want of outward beauty never disquiets a noble nature or will be regarded as a misfortune. It never can prevent people from being amiable and beloved in the highest degree; and we have daily proof of this.

Frederika Bremer.

VIRTUE and talent, though allowed their due consideration, yet are not enough to procure a man a welcome wherever he comes. Nobody contents himself with rough diamonds, or wears them so. When polished and set, then they give a lustre.

INCIDENTS OF LIFE ON THE PLAINS.

A SCRAP FROM MY MOTHER'S MEMORY.

IN the early part of July, 1849, a company of Saints, numbering one hundred and fifty, were busy for several days ferrying their goods and families across the Mississippi river from Illinois into Iowa. The men did not linger in this work of transportation of their wives and children, for the menaces of enemies in the former State assured them that for the lingering "Mormon" pilgrim no mercy would be felt. So, from necessity, the vigilant workers rested neither day nor night until the last of the pilgrim band had set his foot on the opposite shore, where the revilings and threatenings of their enemies could not be heard. Several companies of Saints had already started that year for the mountains, but as the season was now far advanced doubts were expressed that this lingering band of exiles would reach the valleys before the Winter snows made the mountain roads impassable.

"Shall we not remain where we are until another Spring opens, rather than risk the danger of being locked in by the snow in some of the mountain passes?" was the question they asked themselves. Then comes the message and encouraging words from their heroic and beloved leader in the valley, "Come on and be true and faithful, and God will lead you."

The persecuting spirit that harassed them in Illinois reached them where they now were and their crossing the river had not afforded them a protection from suffering. They therefore hailed their leader's message with joy and prepared to move on towards the valley, for they felt they would rather meet the rigid severity of the late Winter's march, which they probably might have to make, than remain and endure the persecution of their wicked opponents.

On the 14th of July the second of the three organized companies of fifty started from Winter Quarters under the leadership of Elder B—. They had been commanded to travel in companies of not less than fifty to insure their safety against attacks from the Indians, some tribes of whom at that time were hostile. Those who are accustomed to traveling only by the railway and stage cannot imagine half the trials and hardships attendant upon a journey across the then almost trackless plains with ox teams and wooden wagons. But the Saints saw nothing to discourage them in their situation. The thought of the hundreds of weary miles to be traversed by them did not dampen their courage any, and at the end of each weary day's travel the song of mirth and happiness was heard among them, unmixed with a murmur or complaint. Disease found its way among them, first, measles, and then the whooping-cough; but through the prayer of faith they were saved and none of them were left to sleep by the way-side.

After a slow, tiresome march of five or six weeks in the wilderness they were met by two men traveling east from the valley. One of them, a Mr. Babbit, explained to them something of the nature of the early Winter storms, which he said the company would be sure to meet if they continued to travel at their then slow rate, and suggested to several men of the company that they divide their camp and travel in companies of ten instead of fifty, that they might make greater speed. The Saints were assured that there could be no danger from the Indians as he had learned that the tribes of that region had removed five hundred miles distant. This proposal caught

like a flame in the minds of the more fearful of the company and continued to spread until nearly half of the entire camp became possessed with a fear that they would not reach the valley in safety. At length they besought their captain to make a division of their number and reorganize them into smaller companies.

With patience and humility their captain reasoned with them rehearsing to them the promises God had made to guard them safely through if they were faithful, and faithful they were not if they disregarded the command of His servants, which was to travel as they were then organized. But the more he reasoned the more fearful their hearts became, and at length a feeling of enmity, jealousy and dissatisfaction crept in. They ascribed the perverseness (as they called it) of their leader to selfish motives. The inability of Elder B— to dispel this spirit of discontent from his hitherto peaceful and happy company weighed heavily upon his heart, and when he had exhausted every means in his power to do so he withdrew himself from the camp and in prayer commended his people to the care of God and besought Him to open their eyes to their folly. He came back to his tent feeling comforted and satisfied that God would not suffer these few of His children to be led away in their fear and blindness.

His prayer was answered, for the next morning revealed, not far from their camp, the tents of about five hundred Indian warriors. The teams were immediately yoked and the wagons soon under way. The Indians mounted their horses and rode up to the train. The captain gave instructions to the men to make no answer to their demands for traffic, instructions they were now willing to obey. After much difficulty the Indians were got rid of without their interfering seriously with any of the company; and the men clamored no more from that time for a division of their ranks.

After a few weeks more of weary dragging over the road in the scorching sun the majority of their number grew tired and wanted to rest; they saw their teams begin to lag, and themselves, their wives and children were tired and foot-sore from their long march. Surely, they thought, they were so near to the valley now they could afford a few days for a little rest and to let their teams recruit. Not a cloud was seen in the sky from day to day, and the long, hot September days betokened in their appearance no near approach of Winter. Their leader looked upon his tired people and in his heart felt great pity for the worn-out mothers of the young babes which had so lately come to them, and he longed to give them their much-needed rest. But he cheered them with kindly words and urged upon them the necessity of strictly obeying the command of President Young to not lose a day on the road, but push on without delay to the valley; but endeavors to banish weariness and inspire them with energy to continue their journey without a rest were vain. They held their council until a late hour on the third night of their discussion on the matter, when each of the rebellious ones (who comprised nearly half the company) retired with the determination to remain in camp the next day; the rest also retired, all except Elder B., who sought a thicket by the roadside to once more commend his people to God and ask His interposition in their behalf, that they might not be permitted to commit this act of disobedience and thereby endanger their wives and little ones.

As on the former occasion he found relief and consolation in prayer, and retired to rest with an assurance that his prayer would be answered.

During the latter part of the night a fearful storm arose; the wind blew a terrible gale, and when morning came some

of the wagons had drifted against them a bank of snow eight feet in depth. Those who had not intended to remain in camp suffered less than those who had, for they had everything packed together ready for an early start in the morning, while those who intended to remain had their things lying carelessly about, and many of them lost their cooking utensils and other necessary articles. The storm continued for three days in all its fury, and when on the fourth day the elements permitted them to yoke up their teams and move on, none of them expressed a wish to remain longer, and from that time each one was filled with a desire to push on as rapidly as possible.

They were assailed by many hard storms before they reached their destination and suffered a great deal; but they all got in, not one of them was left behind. Their noble and energetic leader never faltered in his arduous labors for the flock under his charge. During stormy or bad weather he usually remained in his saddle from morning till night, assisting in driving the loose stock and encouraging drivers and teams, so anxious was he to reach the valley before the Winter snows commenced in earnest. He arrived with all his company in Salt Lake City on the 22nd of October, after suffering innumerable hardships; but all felt then, as do their children now, that God was to them in their travels as He was to the children of Israel anciently—a shield and protection. Mc.

HOW I RECEIVED MY TESTIMONY.

BY D. R. GILL.

FOR the benefit of the young I will relate an incident which occurred in my experience previous to my embracing the gospel. When I was very young I believed in God and in His Son, Jesus Christ, having been taught so to do by my parents, who were members of the Primitive Methodist church. My father usually took me to the Sunday school, and in reading from the Bible and Testament of the blessings that God had bestowed on His children, my faith in Him increased. I wished many times that I had lived in the days of the Savior, so as to enjoy the gifts of the gospel.

In the Summer of 1864, some Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints came and preached in front of my house; and at the close of the meeting, one of them by the name of David Jones, now living near Mill Creek, south of Salt Lake City, gave me a tract on the first principles of the gospel, in which it was stated that the gifts of the Holy Ghost would follow the believer. After reading it I began to think about my salvation, and questioned how I was going to be saved. I prayed to my Heavenly Father to reveal to me whether I worshipped Him aright or not. The first answer to my prayer was that I should be baptized by immersion for the remission of my sins.

I had, by this time, become a member of the same church with my parents, and was living in the town of Pontypridd, in Glamorganshire, South Wales. In the month of November, 1864, I was at work in a deep coal mine hewing coal, a mile and a quarter underground from the shaft; and while meditating on what I had read and heard concerning the gospel I heard a voice apparently behind me, calling me by name, saying, "Go to Mountain Ash and there it shall be told thee

what thou shalt do to be saved." I turned around, but saw nothing, and continued my work, when the voice again repeated the same words. I looked again with the same result, and thought it was my imagination trying to deceive me and I said in my mind, "What am I looking for? There is nothing here." Again I commenced to work; but the voice came more powerful the third time, uttering the same admonition. I then put down my pick and went home.

This place called Mountain Ash was eight miles from where I was then living; so the next morning I took the first train and went to the place where the voice had commanded me to go. In the first house I entered in the settlement there were four Latter-day Saints conversing together. They were all strangers to me but one. After being seated a conversation arose between us about religion and these persons explained to me in detail the plan of salvation, which I subsequently received.

Thus, you see, my young readers, that my humble prayer was answered. If we will only bow ourselves before the Lord and pray from our hearts, we can all have a testimony for ourselves to know that this is the work of God.

ANTIDOTE TO INFIDELITY.

TO ask those walking in the gospel light to read infidel books, hear infidel lectures and keep infidel company is like asking them to go into a dark room and select at hazard from a collection of books having gilded titles and fancy bindings, perhaps, but entirely blank within, to seek therein for pure knowledge. And but little better is it to ask them to apply for information upon heavenly subjects to any of the so-called Christian sects of to-day. This is, in effect, to offer them a stone for nutritious bread, a serpent for wholesome fish, or the water of a turbid and foul stream in exchange for pure, sparkling water from the fountain head.

Therefore, let those who are fed with manna from heaven turn not longing eyes to the flesh-pots of Egypt; walk not in devious channels of downward tendency when the straight but narrow way that ever inclines upward is open to you. Ask not the guidance of the blind; neither expect such persons to truthfully describe celestial beauties, of which it is impossible for them to have the faintest conception.

There is a true and living faith. It is the main-spring of all spiritual action. Of it are born those works by which and through which, alone, the salvation of God is attainable.

Humility of heart *all* can cultivate; and every good and perfect gift cometh from God to the humble seeker.

Purify your spirits and your bodies and you shall obtain a knowledge of God, of Jesus Christ and of keys and influences that will eventually lead you back to the society of holy beings, there to bask forever in the full blaze of the cheering, life-perpetuating rays of the pure light of heaven.

BELIEVER.

A GREAT, a good and a right mind is a kind of divinity lodged in flesh; and may be the blessing of a slave as well as of a prince. It came from heaven, and to heaven it must return; and it is a kind of heavenly felicity, which a pure and virtuous mind enjoys in some degree, even upon earth.

Lessons for the Little Ones.

AN AFTERNOON LESSON.

PHILIP BRENT and his sister Sadie generally played very happily together, for they were the only children in the large farm-house on the hill; and when Phil. was such a little boy that he could scarcely speak plainly, he used to say that "Sadie was such a cunning little thing!"

He was just three years older than his little sister. He loved her very dearly now; but sometimes he would feel that it was a much finer thing to be a boy than a girl, and that he was so old and so wise that Sadie should be very obedient.

But the spoiled darling, a dear little roly-poly thing, with great black eyes and the sauciest little nose, thought that Brother Phil. was just made to wait upon *her* and humor all her whims; and sometimes their views would clash very unpleasantly.

It was a bright Autumn day, and Philip was busily working at a little out-house that had just been given to him for his own use.

He had been hammering for some time inside and he was now making the door secure.

Sadie stood near in her little pink sun-bonnet, looking rather cross, for Phil. would not tell her what he was doing all this for, nor would he let her go inside. To all her questions he replied that it was a secret; and that some day, maybe, he'd tell her.

But what little girl of six years would be put off in this way? Sadie coaxed until she was tired; and then she got angry and stamped her foot; but Phil. went on with his hammering and did not seem to care in the least.

The little sister was sure that she saw him take something out of a covered basket and she thought it might be kittens, or perhaps little chickens; but Phil. would tell her nothing and she stood pouting awhile and finally walked away.

But there was no one at the barn to amuse her and she did not want to go into the house, so by-and-by she went back again.

But Phil. was not there now, he had gone to the house to get something; and after peeping all around without being able to see anything inside, she tried the door. It was not fastened very securely and two or three pulls got it open.

The little girl screamed, "Oh!" as two pigeons flew over her head. And just then Phil., looking

very red and angry, ran towards her, calling out: "You little 'meddlesome Mattie!' I'll give you a shaking that you'll remember!"

Sadie shrieked and took to her heels; she had never run so fast in her life before, but her brother ran faster; and forgetting all about the pond in the fear of his anger, she stumbled and rolled down the bank into the water.

Phil. was sobered in an instant and his red face very quickly turned white. What if his little sister should be drowned? There was no one to get her out, and he could do nothing but scream for help.

Fortunately two of the hired men were coming across a field in the opposite direction, and they soon lifted little Sadie, all dripping, from the water. But she was very still and white; and Phil. cried as if his heart would break.

He forgot all about his pigeons and would have given everything he had to see Sadie smile again.

She was carried into the house and laid on her little bed; and Mrs. Brent cried, and everyone looked very solemn, and the doctor was sent for.

They rubbed and worked over the little girl for a full hour without being able to see any signs of life. But suddenly she opened her eyes, and said:

"Where's Phil?"

A happier boy never lived than the one who now bounded joyously at the sound of his sister's voice. And Sadie asked:

"Won't they ever come back again, Phil? I'm sorry; but I didn't know there was anything there that would fly."

"Never mind, dear," replied Phil., choking down a sob at the thought of his pigeons, which had cost him his only half-dollar. "I ought to have told you. But, you see, I wanted to surprise you, Sadie. They would have laid eggs, you know; and perhaps, on your birthday, I might have had a beautiful white pigeon for you."

"Oh," whispered Sadie, "how good you are, Phil!"

But Phil. did not feel particularly good as he looked at his pale little sister; and it was some time before Sadie was able to run about again.

Mrs. Brent talked to her boy very earnestly about his quick temper, which had nearly caused his little sister's death; and after that sad day Philip seemed quite changed. Perhaps Sadie did not tease him so much; but the brother and sister were very fond of each other, and the new pigeons which soon came to take the place of the others belonged to them both.

NEVER OUT OF SIGHT..

There is a little saying
Which you'll find is always true,
My little boy, my little girl—
A saying that's for you;
'Tis this, my darling little one,
With eyes so clear and bright:
"No child in all this careless world
Is ever out of sight."
No matter whether field or glen,
Or city's crowded way,
Or pleasure's laugh, or labor's hum,
Entice your feet to stray;
Someone is always watching you,
And whether wrong or right,
No child in all this busy world
Is ever out of sight.
Someone is always watching you,
And marking all you do,
To see if all your childish acts
Are honest, brave and true.
Remember this, my darling one,
And keep your good name bright,
No child who lives upon the earth
Is ever out of sight.

JUSTICE TO LATTER-DAY
SAINTS.

BY W. J.

THE killing of the Elders and Saints in Tennessee took place on Sunday, August 10th, 1884, and we have been waiting patiently ever since to learn of the arrest and punishment of the murderers, but we have waited in vain; and with reference to this matter the *Deseret News* of Oct. 17, has the following in an editorial:

"No sincere effort has been made towards the discovery and punishment of the cowardly assassins who shed the innocent blood of the Elders and Saints at Cane Creek on a recent Sabbath day. The reward offered by Governor Bate was so arranged as to offer no solid inducement to any competent officer to ferret out the murderers, and the manner in which the proclamation was made showed that there was no heart in the hollow pretense of a desire for the law's vindication. Nothing practical has been done, but the mobocrats are suffered to go at large and continue their defiance of law and humanity, in threats of vengeance upon peaceable citizens of Tennessee. The annexed dispatch, which appears in several Eastern papers, substantiates what we have said:

"Nashville, Tenn., Oct. 9.—A Mormon family of six passed through here yesterday. A boy and a girl aged ten and twelve years were harnessed in a small cart containing their earthly possessions. The ankles of the children were swollen and bleeding. The father and mother each carried a child. They said they came from Lewis County, and were going west, but the man in evident terror said in answer to a question that they were not exactly Mormons, but were suspected, and were forced to leave."

Now, this dispatch affords no hope that the State of Tennessee will ever arrest and punish those blood-stained criminals, but, on the other hand, its inaction encourages murder and banishment. Just reflect for a moment that it allows some of its citizens to murder others of its citizens with impunity; that it allows its citizens to drive their fellow-citizens from their homes and property beyond the limits of the State, and it

does not make an effort to stop this murder and banishment for religious belief! Only think of a family of six being "forced to leave" their homes through mob violence and threats of death, father and mother each carrying a child, and harnessing a boy and girl, aged ten and twelve years, respectively, to a cart like brute beasts, in order to carry off a few of their effects, to save them from nakedness and starvation; and this too in a boasted land of liberty; and the State permits this; and the parent Government is silent; and the poor exiles for conscience sake have no hope of redress on earth! Let the honest, the honorable, the liberty-loving in every clime, look upon those facts as they are, and realize the situation! Let the Heavens look down upon this state of things, and take note of the fact that there is no disposition manifested by the State of Tennessee, nor by the United States to protect its citizens in worshipping God in the way He has ordained!

But the case given in the foregoing dispatch is not all. Later news informs us that the brutal work of the inhuman mobocrats is still going on unchecked. Mr. I. T. Garrett, of Cane Creek, a person who is not a member of the "Mormon" Church but who has been a friend to the Elders who have labored in that part of the country, has been notified to leave on pain of death, and has fled to save his life. His family follow him. James Condor, father of Martin Condor and step-father to J. R. Hudson, who were both killed in the massacre, and husband of Mrs. Condor whose thigh was shattered by the shots of the murderers has been threatened with death if he did not leave, and he has fled from home to save his life, leaving a crippled wife in a very precarious condition. Thus the fiendish work of persecution goes on unchecked by proper authority, and the perpetrators of these foul deeds have the freedom and protection of their State, while their poor, harassed, threatened victims have to flee from home, friends family and property or else be slaughtered. We have however, this consolation that,

Though men may kill their fellow-men
And earthly courts may punish none:
"Vengeance is mine!" the Lord hath said,
And we say—"Lord! thy will be done."

As these things transpire we realize more fully that we live in the latter days—days of great tribulation, wickedness and great judgments—and right on the eve of the time when the Lord will cleanse the earth of its abominations, and purify it for a reign of peace. And, as a fitting close to this brief article we will introduce an extract from a sermon preached by President Jedediah M. Grant, in the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, April 2, 1854, which reads as follows:

"Three days before the Prophet Joseph started for Carthage, I well remember his telling us we should see the fulfillment of the words of Jesus, where He says, the father shall be against the son, and the son against the father; the mother against the daughter, and the daughter against the mother; the mother-in-law against the daughter-in-law, and the daughter-in-law against the mother-in-law, and when a man's enemies shall be those of his own household.

"The Prophet stood in his own house when he told several of us of the night when the vision of heaven was opened to him, in which he saw the American continent drenched in blood, and he saw nation rising up against nation. He also saw the father shed the blood of the son, and the son the blood of the father; the mother put to death the daughter, and the daughter the mother; and natural affection forsook the hearts of the wicked; for he saw the spirit of God should be withdrawn from the inhabitants of the earth, in consequence of which there should be blood upon the face of the whole earth, except among the people of the Most High. The Prophet gazed upon the scene his vision presented, until his heart sickened, and he besought the Lord to close it up again."

MY HOME IN UTAH.

Br F. WEIGHT.

My blessed, glorious home of peace In Utah's pleasant vales! While troubles in the world increase. Here hap - pi - ness pre - vails. Here healthful breezes gent - ly sweep From grand old canyons, rough and steep. And sweet contentment reigns, And sweet con - tent - ment reigns. Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Let us sing with one ac - cord, hal - le - lu - jah, hel - le - lu - jah, Let us sing with one accord, A joyful song of grat - i - tude, A joyful song of grat - i - tude To our redeeming Lord.

Here pines and cedars crown the hill,
And stores of purest snow
Descend in bubbling crystal rills,
To gladden all below,
To make the cultivated soil
Reward the laborer for his toil,
And plenty spread around.

And better yet, far grander still,
While all outside is night,
Jehovah here, reveals His will
And blesses us with light,
To guide us in the narrow way
That leads to full celestial day,
And everlasting joy.

CHARADE.

BY J. P. S.

My First is what I am quite sure
You all would like to be,
And things that as my Second are
You also love to see;
My Third doth stand to represent
A period of time;
Now try and guess my Whole, and find
The meaning of this rhyme.

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